

2613 Brimstead Dr.
Seminole, Ky.
Jan. 2, 1937 -

Dear Folks,

I received a real new year's greeting this time with the arrival of the Robin. I sure was glad to welcome it. I had despaired of ever getting it again. Let's keep it going at top speed from now on.

We stayed at home this Xmas for a change. Baba had whooping cough and in spite of that fact we had a good time.

Miss Jefferies is visiting us now. We are enjoying her visit so much. She comes so seldomly.

Ruby, if you are the author of the long letter, congratulations! you did it up brown. I notice however, that it's hinted that you didn't exert yourself to that extent.

You see, Joe, I told you there was no need of your hurrying back so quickly. I was sorry that you and your attractive wife didn't get to stay with us while you were here. Next time don't leave this out of your plans. I have heard that you mean to take the bull by the horns and do your own planning of your visit.

next time. Don't you know our sisters
well enough to give yourself up the
minute you arrive? They'll show you
the works much better than you could
hope to of your own accord. Beside,
it has not been demonstrated that you
can go on your own. anyway it was
good to get to lay eyes on your elephantine
careers again.

Eli, don't take our kidding about your
marriage seriously. whether you ever
marry or not, you are still our little
"Eli" and are just as sweet as they grow
and the living image of our mother.

Gen, Bahs thanks you a thousand times
for the doll clothes. The chap thinks you
are aces for your work in doll clothes.

Two more days and then I reenter the lion's
den to beard the lion in his own habitat.
It gives a fellow a sickening feeling to think
of it. I'd like to have a job that I could enter
into with enthusiasm. I'd like a college job.
Dang these gr. Ki. Wats! They give me a
poiss in the neck.

I must close to conform to the space
below.

I would say Happy New Year, but I'm
conscious of the fact that merry Xmas will
probably be in order before it is got
around. Any way, dang your hides, I
love you.
Ed.

Jan. 6, 1937

Dear Folks -

I can see Aunt Kate ripping up the paper because of Jeff's announcement. She and Fanny Brice ought to do an act in the Follies. Poor Jeff has mighty little in his own right and with her storming in her usual state there is very little chance for that match to be even a small success. I'm glad she has nothing to say about those of you who are married. It seems to me that you have done so well by your selves - that it's remarkable. Maybe it's because you have had to work it out with out the guidance of a motherly female.

Which reminds me that perhaps it's my duty to storm about a bit. But I'm not going to tear up any newspapers. What I want to say is to Joe - which thinks he has I.Q. enough to plan his own vacation. I want him to know that as long as he has vacations in the neck

of the woods, where I am I'll plan the — and
hell take it. I wonder if that near Ph. D. knows
that vacations have three angles — the plan-
ning angle — the doing angle — and the setting
angle? When I've seen that chile on a vac-
ation — he's usually on the setting angle —
which has nothing to do with the other two
angles. I haven't decided what he is going to do
next year.

And while I'm storming I'll tell Eleanor
that I've heard enough of that marrying
racket that they promote down there
in Georgia. I want her to get married and
have it over or not get married and have
that over. This is the third year of that marriage
gab.

I'm trying to get something on Ed
Va and Miss Jelfrie — because I like to
make a complete whirlwind when I storm.
I'm sorry to have to stop now — because
I have some really affectionate things
to say to you — but it's ten and I have
work to do — and the robins must be off.

Love

Paul

Jack says tell you Oh.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT

AUSTIN

Jan. 16, 1937.

Saturday night.

Dearest Rays,

You can hold your brother Joe responsible for this because I don't believe in in-laws interfering in private life letters. Not that I wouldn't want to, but this is a family affair and I kinda feel like I'm treading where angels fear to tread. I ^{am} nearly always the first one in the Robin and I watch for it all of the time, but I still don't think it is my place to write in it. Joe is so much better at this type of thing than I, anyway. But I'll stop making excuses and start explaining why you are having to put up with me this time.

Joe has some more work to finish up tonight on the first part of this masterpiece known as his "near doctors" dissertation. He wants to get it ready to give to his prof. in the morning and he also wants to get the Robin on his way so I'll do the best I can for this time and I promise I'll make him do it next time, which I hope is soon, for you folks should get this around more often.

We took in a basketball game tonight. Our team is about the world's worst this year. We've won one conference game out of four.

Our legislature is in session and I'm trying for a job in the House of Representative. The young man who was elected speaker of the House by acclamation is an old friend of mine who finished the Home High School about three years before I did. I should know by Monday if I'm going to get on. It will be such a lucky break if I do. It pays over twice as much as I'm now making and I think I'll like the work better.

It is nice to know you were all so happy at Christmas and had such an enjoyable time. Ours was rather slow and easy, but I rather enjoyed it for a change. It never really seemed like Christmas at all to me tho. For one thing it was too warm and another we were not with any "kin" ~~or~~ even close friends. The family who usually includes us in their Christmas dinner and celebrations are building a new house and are living with their married daughter and had their dinner with another part of the family, so we didn't even have them. We went to a movie in the afternoon and ate dinner at the hotel... which was an event in our life!

El, your family of horses sounds interesting. But I think it should have a horse from Texas in it and as soon as I can manage it I'm going to see what I can do about it. There are so many things that I see which I tell Joe I want to send different ones of you that he has to remind me how poor we are all of the time or we would land in the poor house for sure. Anyway, I have my mind made up on what to buy when we do get rich!

Ruby, Joe tells me I am foolish to think you can come down to see him do the honors the first of June, but I'm still planning on it. You'll love the tea room I told you about working at during the holidays. I'm getting pointers from it so I'll know how to run ours at some resort when we don't have anything else to do. It really is a lovely place and the lady who owns it is a love. She has a little girl about four who is perfect, to my mind and I believe you would agree with the way she is training her. She reminds me of Barbara more than any child I have seen and that is saying lots for her.

Gin, tell Sam I'll be proud of him if he learns the violin well. It is my favorite instrument. I took lessons five years, from the seventh grade through high school, but I'm ashamed of the way I let it go, for I couldn't play a note now. It's been about eight years since I touched one. I tell Joe when I get in a position to I'm going to take it up again for I do like it so much.

We are both enjoying the books that I get in my A.A.U.W. book-reading group a great deal. I told Joe he would have to pay dues too next year. We've just finished "Heritage of the Bounty" which told some of the history of the ones who landed on Pitcairn's Island. One of the cleverest ones was "Three-wheeling Through Africa". I'm doing my best to get to "Gone with the Wind" but can't manage it. A friend got a copy of it for Christmas so if she ever finishes it I'll get to read hers. I heard a good review of it last fall.

Joe is about ready to call it a night. I hope you all enjoy this half as much as I have writing it. Makes me feel that I've had a visit with you. And I do want all of you to know how very much I enjoyed my visit last summer. I really did myself proud when I got in this Ray family and it will take more than a divorce to get me out of it.

We'll be waiting for the next Robin.....

Love to all from both of us,

Jettie

This sounds O.K. to me. Let's get this thing around a little faster. I'm going to finish this dissertation as best as I can
intertexture.

Lots of love Joe.

I'm going to speak the last word on this marriage business, and then I want to hear no more about it. I'm not "distracted" as Jim is about anybody's not getting married. Ruby & El can get more go out to having a bunch of wronged girlfriends like us than most guys will out of families of God's own. Who cares whether they're married or not? They're both just about how I like sisters to be and a husband wouldn't alter the case. Joe

Tuesday, 2-2. 1937,

Dear Ruby,

message

I had a telephone from Lou Ella. Brown was there. Had been to Louisville. Got out to Ed's house. found them dry and well, working hard. Brown and Ed have been working all the time - still are. Can't get any mail out - asked that I write you all. This is the first word I have had since I missed you. Heard nothing from the Newport sister yet.

We have 1000 refugees here. 400 in the Gym. at Western. Very busy. Will tell all I know in the Robin. It is here. Will send it on as soon as the mail is safe.

Love Ed

Saturday - Feb. 8

Dear Joe + Tettie

These came yesterday. I called the Bayds and found out that none of the were out, really in the water. I was worried so about Tranna, but she'll probably be alright. Brown is the one who will work his head off. For the life of me I can't think what to send them. Our checks are held up so I can't send money right now. I'm sending cod liver oil. Send these letters on to Eleanor.

One of the Profs here is conducting a tour to Mexico next Summer. He offered me a set of tires, my expenses, and sixty dollars to join them. I think I shall. We will leave here the twenty fifth of July - spend two weeks in Mexico City and then come back. We'll make Austin on our way back. I think. You don't know now where you are going to be? I'll let you know more later.

Love
Rudy

2613 Grinstead Dr.
Louisville, Kentucky.
Feb. 5, 1937.

Dear Sis.,

I have been intending to write to you for several days, but each day is so full of things to do that I have not got at it. I have been working every day since the flood started. We went to Sonora for two days over the week end. I woked down there dynamiting large ponds that covered the roads and obscured passage. The ground was so full* of water theat it did no good to try to sink them for they wouldn't sink even after shooting them with a whole case of dynamite.

The water did not reach us, although the backwater came within two blocks of our house and cut off our connection with the rest of the town that was out of water. It stayed high enough that cars could not go across for about three days. We crossed it until it ran in the bed of cars.

I drove refugees out of the flooded regions and to all points of high altitude to all parts of central Kentucky. During the rush time, the weather was terrible. Snow and sleet were piled up in the flooded region or near it so deep that that cars couldn't run and refuges would have to wade thru it to get to the cats to be taken out. I was wet and cold so long that it took days to get thawed out, but I never took a cold. One time a friend sent me a message that he was stalled in water and wanted me to pull him out. That was 11:00 at night. I took another car and went to get him out. A man with rubber boot got on the front bumper of my car and I eased out to the stalled car while he tied a wire to the stalled car. I had to go thru water up on the motor. We got hitched and started to back out with it. The owner of the stalled car stood on the bank and directed me as I backed out. De directed me too far to one side and I went off in a hole so deep that water covered the seat I was sitting on and ran over my lap. The cold ice water caused my foot to slip off the clutch and I killed the motor, consequently I had to be hauled out by the third car. The owner of the first car had to wade out in ice water over his belt to fasten a chain to my car and the third car pulled both stalled cars out. I never even took a cold from this wetting. We drove refugees night and day for a weeks. Everybody who was able helped. The cooperation was amazing. Every citizen responded to the call for help. For days we could hear no news, for we had no electricity and no papers were published. Every electric clock testifiedd that 11:40 the current went off. From then on for several days you could read disaster in every face. Things popped so fast that nobody could keep up with them. Hitch-hiking was the order of the day. You could go any where out of town merely by voicing the desire.

Refugees were stationed in almost every home in Crescent Hill and the Highlands. We had a family of five for a week. There were three children about the size of Babs, smaller and larger. They had been moved 7 times before they came to our home. They were first quartered in the Lowe's Theater with 1500 others with no heat and only an aple and one piece of bread. Disease broke out and they were forced to disband. We located them with their relatives out in the county. Babs and Joe are all right.

I don't have time to correct

Love

Eel

P.S. Do you want to pay last half tuition: ten dollars. You said you wanted to. and to send you. I don't have it just say to me. we can manage it by the time school is out. Sam is going to have to repeat 6th. He wasn't ready for it and don't want him to go into Junior High dragging. Joe Wilson will make his grade but not the best one in his room. Miss Rader a good teacher so is Miss Scobell.

Sunday night

Feb 14, 1937

Dear Eleanor:

I hear that Ed is all right and has gone back to Louisville. Miss Jeffries, Louise, Ann and another girl and I are planning a trip to Louisville next week-end, Louise driving. We want to see flood damages, and I have four dollars to spend, and hope the lights are on in business district so I can find a pair of walk over shoes at half price. I sold two shoulders and Ray says I must get something to wear and I thought I would get dark blue linen and make by Aunt Hettie's pattern, but after thinking over a dozen or more things I need decided shoes should come first, then corset, then a dress to make myself. What did Ruby do with that lead colored suit you had? Are you still wearing it? Loan it to me if not or anything else you are not using. I have to go to Conference representing our Missionary Society

The reason
I didn't
send the
cat, really
it was
spring fast
down there
before here.
I am
sending
you a
cat that
don't look
nice on
me you
may be
able to
use.

some time in March and our last car
payment is not until April. Maybe
when that old wreck is paid for we
can breath a little easier, if it don't
cost that much to run it by that time.
How is your car doing? Wish you could
exchange for new one. This spring.

Louise lives on 11th street and is teaching
me to drive. We went out to Aunt Netties. I
wanted October Goodhousekeeping I had loaned
her, but she couldn't find it, and all because
it had furnishings for small colonial house
and she just cut it out for her scrapbook bet.
Louise and Lovin are acting ugly with her
mother, Jeff is too. They are trying to see that
they get their share now. Aunt Kate between
two fires and they are making her unhappy. I am
glad we have never had enough money to fight
over. Rhena still seems to be getting what she wants.

Auntie has never had anything she like
half so much as the pin you sent her. Ruby
sent her a print dress. She had dinner
with me Saturday and went down with her
to have two teeth pulled. I haven't seen her since
I hope this is not mixed Eddie Carter. Love Va.

724 - 13th St. 1/16/39

Well: Our sister Ruby sure must have run out of something to write about to take up so much space taking off on our kimona. I asked every member of my family individually if they ever saw me wash dishes in a red silk kimona. Ray said, He didn't know I had one. Joe Wilson said never did see me wear it any place but on the train and Sam said, Naw! but if you did it would be more than Aunt Ruby ever did. She didn't ever wash them in a dress or kimona.

And another thing "Far off cows have long horns"

My three are a lot more attractive at that distance. When you nurse one after another

through bad colds and hear ^{them} whine, they seem rather commonplace. Joe Wilson

has been in for a week now, but will be out Monday. He has had a lot of boys in

playing and I have stood their noise because I felt maybe if they get the noise

out of their systems now they wouldn't be outlawing later in life. A little boy

came in today who hadn't been here and asked Joe Wilson if he were sick and

he said, "No, mother's just had my bowls in an uproar and I couldn't go to school."

Sam is louder and meaner than ever since he got well. He is as bad as Joe Ray for making up songs, sings one about "Limimety Limimety Jane". Joe Wilsons byword now is "Goshlee, mother Goshlee" Look what big flakes

Dashle mother its sticking on the street now.
And Ruby, old thing, please dont write anymore
death bed testimonials. You cant have everything
you know. If you had a no account husband
six children and your teeth all out, you would
wish you were Ruby Ray again and had a
good job up in a little northern state like
Pa., and had never heard of a husband or six
children, and no money to buy teeth to make you look younger.

Eleanor deserves ~~praise~~ on her letter. It is
the longest and best one I ever read from her pen.
Our brothers would all escape the first draft
anyway. I am afraid the next war we take
part in will be sprinkled over our heads.

I didnt go to the Founders Day Program. It
was so bad and Joe Wilson confined in house. Miss
Jeffries will have to tell you about it. I wasnt
as much in sympathy with the statue as some
were. I kept thinking what a wonderful
library Western could have with twenty thousand
dollars or how many people that much money
would feed. But then I am that way about monu-
ments or tomb stones of any kind.

Joe, I will have Ray write and answer your
questions. He orates at length on nearly all of them.
Jettie, I have made a beautiful rug, took it out today.
"Old fashioned bouquet", and I am going to send ^{the} pattern
to you to hook. It will take one double blanket or two
half ones. The background natural, yellowed blanket.

I wish I could see that Sue Emily & Babs
Brown needed killing exposing the baby to whooping cough.
See the reason we never write anything about Browns we
never see them any oftener than you do. Love Par

Slippery Rock
March 1, 1937

Dear Childre—;

This letter has been here more than twenty four hours and as usual I'm going to slip for mercy. I've had to stay in bed every minute. I wasn't at school for the past three weeks. I've reminded myself of Sue Proctor and Odille except that I'm not as sweet about it as they were. I think I'm all right now. I look better than I have for months - well - not more beautiful.

That Louisville flood was one of my most horro~~r~~g experiences. I can't reckon what it would have been to have been there. I'm still going to hunt Beake Carter down with a gun for one of his fine dramatic stories. His Russia English accent nauseates me. He was telling of the efforts some small town between

Louisville and Cairo was making to keep out the river. He never told the name of the town and I couldn't remember how far Hardinsburg is from the river. I knew Brown was the man who threw up the bag of sand just as the improvised levee gave way. The small town was completely washed away - all the people -

That night I dreamed that Ed and Joannas were on a raft where Beargrass Creek crosses Broadway at Balland's Mill. The next day I learned that the small town was in Indiana - put in telephone call and talked to Hyde Bayd. She told me that they and Ed's had enough food and were not wet. My relief put me to sleep.

It was nice for Jettie to put in - especially that part where she bragged about how fine it is to belong to the Rays. I'd always thought we were the lucky ones - to be joined up with her.

Don't you all think Ed is pretty go-to-townish
on Brownie? Ginnie too? After all maybe
we're the ones off - assuming that I am on
the side of the dumb normals. Maybe the
craack's right. Maybe those grocers are
selling Ed thirty percent of something
or other - when he should be getting
forty percent of it. Now! Now! Children,
live and let live.

Dr. Crabb just told me of a perfect
freak down in the Kentucky mts. who
can sell every word he writes to any mag-
azine in America. Most of his stories are
about his father who is just about half
as funny as our Brown. Mrs. Jeffries,
you and I were talking about Jesse
Stuart. He was in Dr. Crabb's class and
sold one of his term papers for a hun-
dred and twenty five dollars. We're invited

him to come up here to talk to our students. He's coming in May. I'm having a right interesting correspondence with him. He's had a sick spell since the flood. Ed, why don't you read Clarence Day's Life with Father and then write one about Brown? There is a good market for Kentucky stuff.

I hope I'll be in Louisville Easter.

Ruby

Collegebor

March 8, 1937

Dear Family:

Ain't we thankful that all our family are safe! I had no idea that Hardinsbury was so affected. I had a letter from Martha, and she said they were practically marooned for four weeks. I don't want to spend another two weeks like those for the next forty years. Being seven or eight hundred miles from so many you love and no way to find out how they are fairing is no picnic. The vastness of the old river, the beautiful Ohio, is beyond even my wildest imagination. I hope the waters have had "their spree" and will settle down to a sane life for evermore. I can't imagine what happened to Milton. Carrolton was mentioned several times over the radio but I didn't hear anything about Milton.

The Rodin came Friday at noon. I set Saturday afternoon as "getting off" time since I had to work Friday night. I awoke Saturday with a peaky headache which aspirin didn't help much - here it is Monday - That's not so bad as is!

We have all insisted that Jessie, Johanna and ^{Ruth} write in the Robin. It would be most delightful ~~to~~ have a letter from each of them each time the letters come.

The latest addition to the stable is a blue horse which looks a very great deal like a flop-eared mule.

You'll be surprised to hear that I've become a real clodhopper. The man in charge of the college farm gave me a string of a garden - (3 feet by 25) I'm enjoying it so much. There are eighteen different kinds of zinnia seeds to be planted, not to mention several kinds of gourds. Won't we have blossoms?

The national ^{American Association} ^{University} ^{Women} meets in Savannah next week. I'm not so keen about going but suppose I'll be expected to. Our chapter is just a bunch of hens making such noises that anybody would ^{think} that they had laid an egg. ^{when my gourd grows up I'll give them one to plant something.} The ^{W. C. A.} meets in Savannah in April, too.

I hope everybody is having a lovely weather as we are -

Love to all

Ele

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT
AUSTIN

Sunday morning, March 14, 1937

Dear Folks:

This Robin was really a good 'un. It seems as if they get better all the time. Jettie read it once and then made me read it aloud to her again. She was especially impressed with Virginia's letter -- says Virginia always writes good ones. I've decided it is because they are so much alike. Their minds run to the same things, such as which table cloth was used when the bunch of Bunches was there for breakfast. I'll bet Virginia, if she were talking about Ray's Pap, would tell whether or not he wears red flannels in the winter time. That's no slap at the old man, because he's the best there is. But you keep up the details, Gin, because Jettie for one just eats it up. To her there is nothing more inspiring than "I have spent the day cleaning, first the house, then myself, washed my hair, massaged my face, manicured my nails and actually curled my hair in a Juliet cap." We have all got to admit that's high class stuff. I think this explains the reason why Jettie doesn't like the letters I write in the Robin. She reads them over and says I don't ever tell anything. Gin, hon, you stay in their and fight. To say the least, you do always tell us a lot more than anybody else, and after all that's what this thing is for.

And as for Ed, all this talk about our letters showing that we do care what happens -- I ain't got no patience with that. He ought to know it anyway. I am sure that all of us have always had an abiding sympathy for Babs and Joanna, on account of Ed, and it's because of them that we're anxious after Ed. And where Ed jumps on the big chief of this outfit -- I'm agin that, too. If he wants to be a queer duck, it's his business. What with all his eccentricities, I don't know anybody that I like better than I do him. If white sugar eats his insides out, let him use brown sugar -- its cheaper. I used to argue with him on all his prejudices, and then found out later that just about half the time he is more right than wrong -- not all the time, just about half. He used to lecture me about dancing. All you have to do, he says, to see the wickedness of dancing is to study human anatomy. I'm quite sure that if Brown ever danced his mind was all the time filled with lecherous cravings, and for that reason it would be wicked for him. But that's not true so far as concerns normal people. I haven't danced myself for years; but that's not because I think it's wicked but rather because my feet get tired. I've never seen a dance that I wouldn't trade for two or three good hours of reading or sleep. I think I sort of got old Brown's goat up at Mammoth Cave this summer. After we had eaten he took me and Jim Ray off on a wild stomp through the woods. Nearly walked me to death. One of Aunt Kate's girls asked us where we'd been, and I told her I had just taken Brown out for a walk because his bowels didn't work right unless he exercised after meals. Nearly shocked him to death, but it paid him back for the punishment of that long walk and that lecture on the efficacy of walking as a laxative. But I agree with Ruby -- it's a problem of live and let live. He can slurrup brown sugar by bucketfuls for the rest of his life if he'll let me go on being a fool my way. It is sort of good though, having him on the outside so we can talk about him.

I'm all in favor of making the Robin a regular discussion of the Brown Rays. That's the only way we'll ever hear about them, and I sometimes think I'd rather keep up with them than the rest of you. Jettie got it into her head to knit little Jim Ed a sweater last fall and send it to him for Christmas, and after she had done that she had to buy one for the baby and send the rest of them some candy to keep all the kids happy. That's all the Christmas presents we sent, except a crate of fruit to Jettie's brother that's got four kids, so don't anybody get his feelings hurt. But what I started out to say was that Jettie got a letter from Martha the other day thanking her for the presents, and so we, for the first time in history, have some news from that branch of the tribe. They all seem to be healthy and happy.

Jettie didn't get the job she was telling you about in her last letter. She had her heart set on it and was disappointed. She doesn't like her job over at the Cafeteria because it is flunky work, but I hope she won't have to work past June. I'm going to teach full time here for the first six weeks of the summer, and then about the middle of July we go to Canyon where I am going to teach the second semester in West Texas State Teachers College. Canyon is six hundred miles from here -- way up in the Panhandle, not far, as distances out there go, from Colorado. I'm going to teach history out there -- and I'm going to have to learn some before I go. I'll have the first six weeks to study up.

Jettie got a ride to Temple yesterday, and she has gone up there to visit some friends. She'll be back some time tonight. I'm not very much use to her nowadays, anyway, working day and night. The work on the dissertation is progressing nicely. I have written six chapters and have three to go. I hope to finish the writing by the first of April. The thing has to be completely finished and in the Dean's office by May first if I plan to get the degree in June. After the thesis I will have to pass my major examinations. I figure they will pass me on them unless I make a complete fizzle, because, as one of the professors told me, they have taught me all they know, and if I don't know enough by now it's more their fault than mine. If it goes through, I'm afraid I'll have to ask that you folks address me as Doctor hereafter if you want an answer, because I'm going to be Somebody.

I just finished up a chapter this morning, and that's why I can take off and write you folks a letter. Jettie may have to write the next contribution from these parts if it gets back before the first of May. Let's do get it around faster. I kept it two whole days this time, and feel like a crook. But when I notice that Ed's letter is dated February 14 (and such a valentine it is) and Ruby's March 1, I begin to feel pretty righteous. What's the matter with you, Rube? Ain't you got no family pride? You a Behaviorist and don't know how to behave where the Robin is concerned.

I got some first hand information on El the other day. One of her boy friends from Georgia came in the office the other day and I had a long talk with him. He didn't say anything definite, but I sort of put two and two together. I figured out that our El is pretty much of a cut-up. I'd like an expression from all of you on the point. I think this fellow from Georgia is here still, attending some classes, although I haven't seen him again; and if you folks want me to I'll corner him and make him give us the low-down on the gal. Miss Jeffries, what do you know on this score that you've been keeping from us?

Lots of love from both of us,

Joe

720 - 13th Street

Sunday, March 21, 1937

My dears:

The sun feels so good today I don't want to stay inside long enough to write, but my conscience is beginning to hurt for keeping the Robin two whole days even if I do have the good excuse of reading, "Gone With the Wind". I have gotten to where Scarlett's father died and am beginning to realize why I hate the damned Yankees and "niggers" so much. I am having the tantalizing experience of wanting to read the book and at the same time work on my tufted bedspread, which I have in quilting frames and should finish so I can take it out of the way.

Now, Joe, no scholarly remarks from you about my detailed epistles. After all, the ^{little} things about all of you are the things I want to know, not that I don't enjoy your letters as they are. But, it takes such little things to keep me happy; just having Ray near where I can reach out and

touch him and the boys well and happy, and even smaller things, like dew-drops on rose pedals, sunshine through shining, clean window panes, draped with fresh ruffled curtains, enough clean shirts, well ironed, to last a week and my house running smoothly. Oh! there are so many million little things all stacked together that makes a great mountain of happiness. And, so it's the little things I will continue ^{to write} about since they are my life:

Ray and the boys went to Grandfather and no, Joe, Grandfather don't wear red flannel drawers. He wears long white unbleached muslins laced at the ankles and since that style hasn't been sold in stores for twenty-five years his daughters make them for him.

I bet your Collegeboro student has tried to tell you in a way that won't make you mad what a tyrant your little sister is, that she has eyes in the back of her head; and all he has to do is enter the library for her

(over)

To look up and say "quiet please" or "no talking" You know she is from the old school and I will bet my hat as severe as Miss Pagland ever was.

I had planned to go to Louisville Easter but have about changed my mind because I have to be away the next week after Ester at Henderson attending Ladies Missionary Conference, and Josie is so busy I hate to ask her to stay so much. I want to see Ruby but she will be so busy flying around I wouldn't have much time with her. The older I get the more sentimental I get about all of you and have homesick spells but get over it by just reading the Robin or getting a card from some of you.

Miss Jeffries and I had such a good time driving this afternoon, out to Aunt Netties and Aunties. They were over at Aunties and we didn't miss them. I have had such a good time today, church dinner down town and Miss Jeffries all afternoon. I love you all
Va.

West Texas State Teachers College

DEPARTMENT OF
ECONOMICS AND GOVERNMENT
CANYON, TEXAS

S. H. CONDRON
HERSCHEL COFFEE

March 25, 1937

Mr Joseph M. Ray
University of Texas,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Mr Ray:-

President Hill has informed me that he has completed arrangements whereby you are to take over my work at mid-summer in this institution. I am very happy over this plan and trust that you will enjoy the work and association in West Texas.

Two courses will be offered the second term; Gov 332. Constitutional Law, and Gov 212. State Government. The Constitutional Law course is based on Arneson, Elements of Constitutional Law but I use the case system almost entirely, employing the text as an outline. Each student briefs a certain number of cases in each field and class reports on cases make up most of the work. The course on State Government is based on Bates and Field, State Government. We have a fairly representative list of standard works on this field in the Library which is supplemented with periodical work. Each student works up a definite paper or project during the term which involves some major state problem. A definite chart will be provided outlining the work for the term.

Do you plan to bring your family here with you or will you board? If you are married and bring your family here I would be glad for you to occupy my home. This could be arranged for reasonable charge and you would have access to my own library, etc.

Assuring you that we shall be happy to have you and trusting that you will enjoy your stay I remain

Sincerely



S.H. Condron.
Dept of Government and Eco.

2613 Grinstead Drive,
Louisville, Kentucky.
March 27, 1937.

Dear Folks,

The Robin arrived somewhat late, dag nag the fellow that kept it. It was well worthwhile when ~~it~~ did arrive, however.

I notice by your chat that you didn't like the history that I recorded in the Robin the last time concerning one Will B. Now I knew how you all felt about this oldest member of the tribe so far as his actions are concerned, and I feel the same way about the confounded bozo. If I should hear somebody else out of the tribe berate him, I would be the first to fight under his banner, but I must confess it would be somewhat like the little dog whipping the big one when the big one stole the little dog's bone. The big dog was mentally whipped before the fray started. I could and would take a few bruises in defense of him; yet I would be morally whipped before I started taking the punishment. He suits yo'all, so you say, but I'll just be damned if I would go thru life griping about everything and have everything cut and dried, the proof of which was self-evident, etc, etc. So much for the personal qualification of our big brother. I like him, but he can't be changed and the devil will have to take him. I really get a lot of amusement at his expense. "If I should live to be the last leaf upon the tree, let them laugh as I do now", for it's good for the digestion and certain muscles of the anatomy.

Well, we were much disappointed twice Thursday. We were all keyed up for a swell Easter. First we got a letter that Va. couldn't come, and in about an hour a telegram arrived saying that Ruby couldn't come either. Babs cried for an hour, and Joann and I had a very let-down feeling. Brown and family arrived at 11:00 today and we enjoyed the day very much. The kids played themselves down. It was warm enough for them to play in the yard, so they moved all the toys and the furniture that they could carry in the back yard. Babs told us tonite that their home burned twice, and they "surely were lucky" to get all of their babies and furniture out. All of the kids were cute, but Jimmie takes first prize. He is so short and fat and talks so cute. Today when I was washing him, he said, "Uncle Ed, you sure do wash me nice and easy", when I was cleaning him up for dinner. "Youve got hot water for my face, too." He talks so soft and easy that he is a scream. Mary Evelyn has been sick for a week, and Martha is afraid she is taking whooping cough; she doesn't have the symptoms that Babs had, however. Martha has reduced, and you wouldn't know her. Joan's dresses fit her perfectly. Brown says he started her reducing and now he can't stop her. He wants her to weigh more than she does; you can imagine that. They were marooned because the water was over the road four miles ^{from them} in one direction and about twenty miles in another direction. Milton was hard hit. Joann knows the principal of the school well, and the only article of furniture that he can use is his stove. His home burned just before Xmas, and his furniture was new out-and-out when the flood came. West Point is the worst wrecked place that you ever saw. Most of the people are still at Fort Knox. Most of the homes of Cosmoadale are condemned, and people are living in tents. Some of you knew Meta Riley Cooper, who married Roman Emberger; her mother and father both drowned during the flood. The results of the flood are still to be seen; although in the business district bears few if any marks of it. Water was six feet deep at the Brown Hotel, and one couldn't tell ^{now} that there had been a flood there. In the residential section many houses still bear the high water mark, for at the height of the flood a varnish factory burned and exploded, and varnish floated over half of the town and dried on houses. It is hard to get off or paint over, as it was dark brown varnish. On most of the houses this mark can still be seen.

Miss "Jeffers" is coming up K.E.A. She has promised to visit us. We had a visit from her Xmas, which was greatly enjoyed. We wish she would come oftener. She's the balance wheel for the tribe, and I used to get the bright side of life from her when everything seemed dark. I miss that now. I don't get to see her often enough.

(Over, if you are interested in the future of the Ray tribe.)

I recall on several occasions that certain members of the tribe passed slighting remarks concerning the likelihood of the Ray tribe vanishing from the earth like the Last of the Mohicans or some such a thing. Well, it should be news to some who may not know it that there is another addition to the tribe expected in June. Now it would be highly entertaining for us to run a contest for a suitable name in these files. You are hereby requested to submit any and all names with the understanding that we will ^{choose} what name we dang well please. However, if, like Rube, you are well versed in the antique history of the Ray tribe, just state your reason why such a name should be selected. It has to be a good American name to be tacked on to my brat.

Well so much of this and so long.

Ad.

2613 Grinstaed Dr.
April 4, 1937.

Dear Ele,

I should be spanked for not writing to you before now as nice as you were to us, but I have been very busy since the flood. I cashed your check as you demanded and I shall begin paying you back next month. We don't know yet how long school will last, but probably not more than six weeks more as the money will probably give out. One thing is certain, we are going to stop work when the money gives out. I intend to carpenter when school is out. I may go back to Decatur, but not if I can get a good job here. I probably can get one here as things are booming. The flood made business for this town.

We are teaching an hour longer each day to make up for the time lost. We now have school until 3:30 and never get away before 4:00. I have six classes on all days except Mondays and Wednesdays. The classes are an hour and five minutes each. By the time I have weathered six hours in the lion's den I'm about spent. I had much rather do manual labor for the same time; it would be much easier. I never have liked this junior high work, and I don't believe I ever would get to like it. The confounded brats are so shiftless and restless that get one a fellow's nerve. They don't want to learn anyway, and it is like pulling an eye tooth to get anything across to them.

Are you going to teach this summer? When do you get your vacation? I didn't get to see near enough of you last summer.

This has been a freakish winter here. We have not had any warm weather until the last two weeks and then it hasn't been very warm. We have had a fire every day since the last of October until a few days ago.

Do you have any idea how a fellow would go about getting a job in a college? I think it is high time I tried to get into something that I could do with enthusiasm. Next year if I stay here I will get \$1900 which may not be possible to get in a college to start with. Do colleges use the teachers agencies to any degree?

Babs is going strong. She is growing so fast that we can't keep up with her. She says a lot of cute things. The other day Jo told her to do something that she didn't want to do and had to be made to do it. Jo heard her mumbling to herself that "My dad can pick out the meanest and ugliest women." We went down home Xmas and Babs was hurrying around packing her things. She said, "I'm going to take these thin pants so just in case Grandpaw builds on a hot fire I can use them." They have an open fireplace. She is planning a trip to Grandpaw's in about two weeks. She is learning to write and is always copying letters from magazines, etc, and asking us to tell her what they spell. I'm enclosing a sample of her drawing.

Jo is doing fairly well. She gets tired very easily. The things you sent were awfully nice. Thanks. Have you had the Robin Yet?

Write when you get time.

Love,

Ed

Eleanor, the little quilted set is just beautiful. Everybody I show it to thinks it

is the prettiest thing she ever saw along the
line. Babs told Mother and Papa about
it and explained that you sent it
"just in case we get a little sister
or brother for me." She can hardly
wait for a "little sister or brother."

Love,

Joanna

April 8, 1937

Dear Boys and Girls:

I've just had a grand birthday. Eleanor sent me a miniature of herself. It was beautiful, but somehow I don't believe it looks like her. Not that she is not beautiful? I think I'm against miniatures of adults. All that I have ever seen fix them up without character. Eleanor has gained weight if this is right. In spite of all this talk I'm awfully glad to get it - Beener.

On the other side - no. two - is what I'm going to do this Summer after Summer School. If I use Jack's car instead of mine I'll get about sixty dollars aside from all of my expenses. I'd love to have the New England trip but have to stay ^{here} so Althea can leave. She is doing some kind of swanky teaching at State College.

Our Spring term ends on May 28th and I would like to head for Ky. on that same day - pick up Gini and someone else and go to Austin to see how the Baby Chile takes it. The one I'd like to take is Martha. What do you think she

Tentative Plans of Stops and Events of

TWO 1937 TOURS FOR TEACHERS

Conducted by Dr. R. A. Waldron

- I. TO NEW ENGLAND AND EASTERN CANADA (Gaspé)
June 21st to about July 10th (or May 27 - June 15 if preferred - indicate choice)
 - II. INTO OLD MEXICO (Mexico City) OVER NEW PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY
July 23rd to about August 20th - \$180.00
- - - - -

I. THE NEW ENGLAND, GASPE TRIP

Places - Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Gaspe Peninsula, New Brunswick, Maine, New Hampshire and White Mountains, Massachusetts (Gloucester, Boston, Plymouth, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Old Nantucket Island, New Bedford, Amherst, Berkshire Hills), Bear Mountain, New York, Hudson River, Home.

Some of the Activities - Sea bathing, drive up Mt. Washington, ocean fishing trips from Gaspe and Cape Cod, Plant studies, boat trips, theatres, (Boston, Montreal), shore dinners, visits to many old and historical spots.

Number limited to fifteen - \$190.00

II. THE OLD MEXICO TOUR

Places - Cincinnati, Mammoth Cave, Memphis, New Orleans, San Antonio, Laredo (Texas and Mexico), Monterey, Mexico City, Tropical Jungles, Snow Capped Volcanoes, Mexican (Aztec) Indian Villages and products, Several Mexican cities, Floating gardens, Old Pyramids and Cathedrals, Markets, Theatres.

Some of the Activities - Plant and earth scenes (desert life, jungle life, alpine life), human scenes, (homes, stores, and play places of the Mexicans), visits to markets, theatres, stores, restaurants, homes. A most wonderful trip into the neighbor nation of tremendous contrasts - Mountains, valleys, high plateaus.

Both tours are by motor car. If interested in either, write at once for further information to Dr. R. A. Waldron, Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania. Number limited. - \$180.00, - College credit available.

FUTURE PLANS

To Alaska - Summer of 1938

To Bermuda - Christmas 1938

L. B. Eleanor

If interested in these trips write soon to Dr. R. A. Waldron, Slippery Rock, Pa.

could do with her children — and her biggest
 of all problems - Brown? Does any body think
 we could manage it? She could take Jimmy
 with her. If she doesn't want to go who wants
 to go? I'll be more able to take trips this
 summer - financially and physically than
 ever before. That trip won't cost very much. Joe
 and Jetty can get us tourists rooms and we
 won't stay more than two days. I'm all for taking
 a trip but I don't want to go alone. I just
 know Auntie won't go - on account of
 the night air. Grand mother would have been
 all for it. I don't have to be back here
 until June 14th. Could you do anything
 about it Miss Jeffries? How about Ray?

If ~~you~~ we can't do any better we'll take
 the boys - Gin. Now don't let me down.
 Some of you go with me.

April 10.

Sorry I didn't get this off the other
 day. I suppose this daily dabbling at the robin

will give me and you the impression that I'm awfully busy. I am - but we all know that I can do better.

Jim is in a kind of glow over the arrival of Jesse Stuart. I get the most amusing letters from him - two a week. He'll be here the fourteenth. He has just received a Guggenheim Fellowship for study in Scotland - so you know he must be pretty good. I think he got this through Dr. Crabb. Why aren't some of us entitled one? Who should have it. Ed or Joe or El - if she didn't have to work so hard at her job. I'm going to investigate! Nothing spurs ^{me} as a man or woman with a creative spark. Ed would have to work on Indians. What could you work you do Eleanor? Joe?

Here's the end of the page - and I won't have room to 'put in' some lace tablecloth talk. Regardless of what the Ph.D. thinks it is important.

howe
Lucy

But, I wish you'd quit using that blasted four
announcement for stationery. I've read it three times al-
ready, and I don't believe there's anything in it that
I'd care to read a
fourth time.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT
AUSTIN

May 3, 1937.

Folkses:

I really haven't got time for this, but I'll have to
take it. Big things have been happening in this neck of the
woods. The old doctor's dissertation has been finished,
signed, accepted, and is on file in the office of the dean.
I have ahead of me now only the written examination in the
major field and the oral examination. They are a big hurdle,
and have got me in a dither, but I think they'll pass me.

Old Dr. Patterson here established a contact in David-
son College, at Davidson, North Carolina. The Davidson people
are looking for a man to fill a new position there, and they
asked me to come there for a conference at their expense.
I left for there last Tuesday, spent most of Thursday in
Davidson, spent most of Friday in Collegeboro visiting Beener,
and got back here yesterday evening. The Davidson people
have a good job to offer, but they haven't decided yet; they
have a few more investigations to make regarding other candi-
dates for the job. The job pays well, and Davidson is the
best college which I have a chance of getting into. I am
afraid I didn't make a very good hit with them -- it seems
they want an anti-New Dealer, and I ain't one. However, I
did the best I could, and I have done the best I could in
writing them a letter this afternoon thanking them for the
visit and hoping they'll see fit to lift me up out of the
pauper class.

Our little sister seems to be doing fine. She really
isn't as plump as she used to be, but she's just as sweet
as ever and still the best little sister they is. I enjoyed
my visit with her. She even went so far as to persuade the
president of the college to drop in -- we had quite a get-to-
gether in her humble cottage. They rag her rather vigorously
on not being married. For my part, I think she'll do just
like she is. Ed could do worse than to name the new one Eleanor.

Another big item is that the head lady of this outfit
is planning to come down to see little J. M. do the honors.
The doing of honors ain't so much, but I can't think of a
more felicitous circumstance than to have her and Gin and
Martha and others there to watch the performance.

Wish I could write more, but tempus fugits too rapidly.
Ed, if you don't use the name Eleanor for one of your young-
sters I'm going to if I ever get a chance. Another thing:
if it's a boy name it anything except Jo-Ed, on account of that
is my first boy's name.

Lots of love,

Joe

Jettie is in as much of an uproar as I am - she
has got to where she doesn't enjoy her meals,
though, and I never yet have been in that state.
I lost ten pounds writing the thesis, but none of it
came off my big paunch.

Bowling Green, Ky.

720 - 13th Street

May 6, 1937

My dears:

Have been expecting this Robin since Ruby wrote urging me to go with her to Texas to see our littlest brother graduate. I am sorry I can't go, but am planning now to have Joe Wilson's tonsils out at that time, and am hoping to have it over so he can start in Summer school. I really don't think Joe needs company at that time, so much doing, and he will be so addled he won't realize he has company until they are gone, and then he will write and apologize for not paying more attention to his guests. I would rather wait and visit Joe in North Carolina or some other state, since I have been to Texas and I believe after Joe has taught for a year or two his invitations will be more cordial, and he will enjoy guests more. Ruby, it's all right for you and Eleanor to go, but of all people to choose to set off (over for)
Ed

Here it is almost time for the blessed event, and I haven't gotten on on any of the sewing. I was disappointed about missing my trip up there too, because I had visions of coming home with lots of dainty little things to finish for Joanna. As it is, I have spent the spring making rugs and bed spreads and driving myself to it because I wanted to be doing the other. I have been driving myself a good bit this spring, have had a touch of malaria, but am about to break it up. It's a stubborn ailment to do any thing with.

This summer I want Babs to come and visit me and we will make a trunk full of clothes for those precious dolls. Some time this summer when my bad boys are in the country Babs and I could have a swell time sewing and packing and unpacking doll trunks. When Daddy is traveling around he will have to bring you. Sweet.

graduating honors, Martha and I would
be the last ones I would suggest.

I see through it all. You thought of poor
Martha and "Ginnie" never going any
place and needing to get away, but
Jim Ed wouldn't let his Uncle Joe
graduate if he got some hot potato
in his mouth like he did here.

I can see him now holding out his
tongue full of hot potato and shrieking
one shriek after another, and the way
he can keep it up, and never apparently
stopping to draw a long breath.

I don't want to sound as though I am
not proud of our little brother for
earning this P.H.B. I am, but will
be more proud of him when he
demonstrates what he can do with
it. I wish our mother could be
here. She would be the happy one, since
Joe will be fulfilling one of her dreams
for him.

I am going to be home all summer
looking forward to a visit from all of
you.

Love

Virginia

Monday Evening. May 10, 1937,

Dear "Ray Children",

The "robin" came, just as I was leaving the
H. building for the Mother's Day Program, I grabbed
it and took it along, but when I opened it only
Joe's and Eleanor's letters were there. I searched
high and low but only found Ed's and Ruby's
today. One of the N.Y. A. boys handed them to me this
morning. Said the wind blew everything off my desk
and he supposed the letters dropped out. The envelope
was unsealed when it was opened at Virginia's.
Sam brought it over and put it on the desk - to

Ruby. I'm glad you are coming - do wish I
could go to Texas with you. I'd like to see
Baby Ray take his P.H.D. myself. He not understand
about Joe's car and so.

Do you have a George Wood in Slippery Rock? Don't
think I can suggest anyone for the Texas trip. Why not
the Guggenheim scholarship yourself? Some of
you get busy. why not?

Eddie I held that robin all on account of
the flood so — now curs again. I thought
you'd be sorry for your satirical treatment
of "Big Boy." He is O.K. So are you old boy. I want
to see you and have a good old time talk
and "argyment." I enjoyed the visit at

your house, but it was mixed up with educational activities, With I could have seen the youngsters playing, I know they had a good time. Tell Bob I have some new clothes now.

Joe, I congratulate you on the thesis. Hope the owls are over and the "job" clamped down by this time. Davidson is nice. I had a friend who was located there for a while and I visited them. I like North Carolina, I taught in the University Summer School once, you know.

Jethi, Dear, don't worry and lose your appetite, I am sure all will be well.

Eleanor, look for the letter and send it on. Tell us all about yourself and dearie.

Brush the robin around, it is more interesting when the letters don't get stale.

Love to you everyone.

"M'Jeffries"

Three classes to morning,
4 girl scout meeting
up town for a lesson
in trees. The Guy-
rappay Club brought
to-morrow night, looks
like a full day; as
Vanned ahead of me.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT
AUSTIN

June 10, 1937.

Dear Folks:

I'm all through with the graduation 'N'everything, but I'm still as busy as the proverbial three-legged dog with the fleas. I'm preparing a bulletin for the high-school debaters of Texas for the interscholastic league debate next year on the subject of the one-house legislature, and I've just got until the middle of July to finish it. If it ain't one thing, it's another.

Ruby was here for the commencement. She and ~~R~~ Jettie went into all sorts of thrills and heart-throbs over the business, but some way I felt sort of sheepish all through the proceedings. Nobody there except me realized how completely shoddy everything was that I did to qualify for the degree. But if no one ever finds it out, I may be able to cash in on the degree some time, just as if it really was something.

We had a big time with Ruby and Wilda Brubaker, the gal who came with her from Slippery Rock. We went over to San Antonio one day, and ran and gallivanted the whole time they were here. Even withal, I managed to get some little work done.

Jettie and I are staying in Professor E. G. Smith's house for the summer. We didn't get to move in until the day Ruby and Wilda left, and we were certainly disappointed. I have to water flowers for about an hour a day to pay our rent -- but it's so much fun having the run of the whole house. The first night there, I pulled off my coat in one room, my shoes in another one, my coat in another, and so on. Then the next morning I just moved from room to room and got dressed. Sure is a grand feeling when a feller hasn't had but one room to live in for years. Jettie is about to work herself to death fixing feeds for all the folks we have eaten with all during the years.

I'm going to send the Robin to Eleanor -- Ruby was carrying it around in her grip, and she hasn't written a new letter. She gave it to me; I'm sending it to El, and El you send it to Gin -- thence to Miss Jeffries, Ed, and Ruby again. When it comes around again we can resume the old order.

If any one hears about developments from up around the Ed Ray neighborhood, please let us know. Our address up to July 15 will be 3206 West Avenue, Austin, Texas. After July 15, it will be West Texas State Teachers College, Canyon, Texas.

Lots of love, *Jac*

May 22, 1937

President Walter L. Lingle,
Davidson College,
Davidson, North Carolina.

Dear President Lingle:

I hope you will forgive my failure to answer your letter sooner. Your letter came at a time when I was engaged most vigorously in the final preparations for my oral examination, and I postponed answering until the ordeal might be over. My examining committee approved my candidacy for the Ph. D. yesterday and I am now free to follow my own devices.

Naturally I would have been more pleased if you and your staff had seen fit to offer the position to me. However, my pride was not hurt by your taking the other man, since he in every way was better qualified than I. Our Dr. Redford here is a Harvard man, and is acquainted with Dr. Williamson. He has a sincere respect for Dr. Williamson and feels that you have made no mistake in employing him. I am sure that he will come up to your expectations in every way.

I want to thank you for giving me the privilege of visiting your college. I shall always have a high opinion of your institution and hope that some day I shall again have the opportunity of renewing the acquaintanceships which I made with you and the members of your staff.

Sincerely yours,

Joe M. Ray.

May 22, 1937.

Professor C. K. Brown,
Davidson College,
Davidson, North Carolina.

Dear Professor Brown:

I hope you will pardon my not answering your letter sooner. I received it when my studying for the oral examination was most intensive, and I therefore postponed answering until the ordeal was over. The examining committee approved my candidacy for the degree, and now my worries, at least for the immediate present, are over.

I want to thank you for your kindness to me during my visit to Davidson and for your efforts in my behalf, even though they were not effective. I shall never regret my trip to North Carolina, and shall always have a sincere respect and admiration for your college. I still feel that it would be a distinction and privilege to be associated with your institution. Naturally I would have been pleased if the position had been offered to me, but the decision which was reached did not hurt my pride, since the gentleman whom you did employ was in all respects better qualified than I to hold the job. I am sure he will come up to your standards in every way.

I conveyed your greetings to Dr. Patterson, and he in turn asked to be remembered to you. So far as I can discover, he is keeping up the good work. We are agreed here that the recent developments have effectively settled the court issue.

I trust, as you suggest, that our paths may again cross. Please convey my best wishes to Mrs. Brown and the youngsters.

Sincerely yours,

Joe M. Ray.

May 22, 1937.

Hon. Harold M. Hankamer,
House of Representatives,
State Capitol,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Mr. Hankamer:

You will recall that I spoke to you some days ago regarding your preparation of a statement to be included in the Interscholastic League debate bulletin for next year, the subject of the debate being Unicameralism v. Bicameralism.

You and I agreed that there are good arguments on the negative side of the question of unicameralism, and you stated that when you got time you would be glad to prepare a statement of your views on the subject. I wish, if you have already found time to prepare the statement, that you would mail it to me in care of the Department of Government at the University. If you have not as yet had time to do so, I would very greatly appreciate your doing whatever you can within the next two weeks. I shall call upon you at the House during the first few days of the special session.

Let me remind you again that the unicameralism boys and quite free with their contributions, whereas I have experienced serious difficulty in getting any of those who are opposed to unicameralism to make statements on the subject. There are some vital points on the bicameralism side of the question, but they carry less conviction because of the lack of a capable champion to give them expression.

Sincerely yours,

Joe M. Ray.

May 22, 1937.

Honorable J. C. McConnell,
House of Representatives,
State Capitol,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Mr. McConnell:

You will recall that I spoke to you about two months ago regarding your preparation of a statement to be included in the Interscholastic League debate bulletin for next year, the subject of the debate being Unicameralism v. Bicameralism.

You and I agreed that there are good arguments on the negative side of the question of unicameralism, and you stated that when you got time you would be glad to prepare a statement of your views on the subject. I wish, if you have already found time to prepare the statement, that you would mail it to me in care of the Department of Government at the University. If you have not as yet had time to do so, I would very greatly appreciate your doing whatever you can within the next two weeks. If I do not hear from you, I shall call upon you at the House during the first few days of the special session.

Let me remind you again that those legislators who favor unicameralism are quite free with their contributions, whereas I have experienced serious difficulty in getting any of those who are opposed to it to make statements on the subject. There are some vital points on the bicameralism side of the question, but they carry less conviction because of the lack of a capable champion to give them expression.

Sincerely yours,

Joe M. Ray.

May 22, 1937.

Honorable Wilson Fox,
House of Representatives,
State Capitol,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Mr. Fox:

You will recall that I talked to you several weeks ago regarding your preparation of a statement for me on the question of the one-house legislature, the statement to be included in the Interscholastic League debate bulletin over your signature.

I am sorry that I have failed to call by and remind you of your agreement to prepare the article for me. If you have already written it, I would appreciate your mailing it to me in care of the Department of Government at the University. If you have not as yet written the statement, I would greatly appreciate your doing so as soon as possible.

If I do not hear from you within the next week or so, I shall call upon you in the House some time during the first few days of the special session.

Sincerely yours,

Joe M. Ray.

May 22, 1937.

Honorable T. J. Holbrook,
State Senate,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Senator Holbrook:

You will recall that I called by to see you some weeks ago regarding your preparation of a statement to be included in the Interscholastic League Bulletin which I am preparing on the subject of Unicameralism v. Bicameralism. At that time, you stated that you did not know whether you would have time to prepare such a statement.

I have heard statements made by you on the subject, and I know that you have definite views on the subject. I have heard you make public addresses and talks upon the floor of the Senate. I count you one of the most able speakers in the Legislature. I am sure, therefore, that you are the one person who could contribute most to our bulletin.

I have experienced a great deal of difficulty in persuading persons who are opposed to unicameralism to write statements for me. Those who favor the one-house legislature are willing and even eager to write articles for me. Thus my bulletin is taking a one-sided shape. On the other hand, both you and I agree that there are many arguments in opposition to unicameralism. Those arguments would undergo infinite enhancement in prestige and authority if they were given expression by a man of your position and ability. I tell you frankly that I don't think our bulletin will be complete without some statement, however brief, from you. I would like very much to hear from you. If I do not hear from you within the next week or so, I shall call by your office to talk with you further.

Sincerely yours,

Joe M. Ray.

May 22, 1937.

Honorable Weaver Moore,
State Senate,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Senator Moore :

I have been assigned the duty of preparing the Interscholastic League Debate Bulletin for next year on the subject of Unicameralism v. Bicameralism. This bulletin is to be distributed to all high schools in the state and to all state libraries in the country. The bulletin will be in the nature of a summary of all the arguments on both sides of the question.

I have approached several of the members of the Senate and the House with the request that they prepare for me a statement of their views on the question, this statement to be included bodily in the bulletin over their signatures. I had hoped to be able to see you in person, but as yet I have been unable to do so. I have heard you express yourself in opposition to the one-house legislature, and I want to ask you to prepare a statement for me on that side of the question. The length of the statement is immaterial to me, although I would prefer a formal statement of some eight or ten typewritten pages.

I have experienced considerable difficulty in persuading persons who are opposed to unicameralism to prepare statements for me. Those who favor the one-house legislature are willing and even eager to write articles. Thus my bulletin is taking on a one-sided shape. On the other hand, most of us agree that there are many arguments in opposition to the one-house idea. I have heard you speak on several occasions, and I have a great deal of respect for your ability to prepare a convincing argument. The inclusion of a statement from you would add greatly to the prestige and dignity of our bulletin.

If I do not hear from you within the next week or so, I shall call by your office to see you.

Sincerely yours,

Joe M. Ray.

June 15, 1937

Dear Children:

I'm just back from seeing Bobby Ray take his honors. Wish you all could have seen him do it. I was about over come with emotion heat and fatigue but he was cool and nonchalant. Jettie too took it in her stride. She really should have about half of those honors. You children are certainly lucky in your inlaws.

How all of could have chosen such so high ones is more than I can see. Perhaps the high standards Pa started and you've kept is what has kept Eleanor and me out of the sea. If we ever get inlaws we'll be afraid to match them against yours...

Wilda Brubaker went with me to Texas. I ran her tongue out but ^{she} seemed impressed. She thinks Ed is about the finest gentleman she has ever seen. Joanna and Ray are the only ones who tried and succeeded in keeping up with her intellectually. Her big interest is world

affairs. Both of the — talked her in the ground. Jettie talked her straight on dishes and silver. Joe kept us cheerful with wise-crack^{ing}. The one I've heard most about is what he said about our slight crack-ups. I've only seen one thing wilder than Austin's driv^{ing} - and that is the graduation exercise. As I've said before we both had crack-up - not serious. And on with the story. Wilda was explaining to Joe that we were both very good drivers. He agreed with her but told that he had a right to his own opinion. That's the end of the joke and it's time to laugh - but I doubt if any one you did. My telling a joke spoils it. Wilda tells it to every body.

Virginia cooked with her own hands the best meal we'd had since last Summer. I can't remember whether she used the lace table cloth or not but the table was lovely. The whole dining room. She has some beautiful furniture. We were most tempted to stay a day longer to see Miss Jeff^{erson}. We didn't know how soon we could drive to Texas so we ran on and got there a day early after an extra night in Hot Springs.

Of course I'm sort of stuck on you all is my own right but it did me a lot of good to hear Wilde brag on you so heavily. I just let her blow and never mentioned any of ^{your} short comings - which you know are right plentiful.

I'm afraid my trip to Mexico is off. There are not enough people to fill my car. If Eleanor could go there would be enough. Let me know whether you can right away. I don't care so very much if I don't go. Joe-Jetty and I had a little whirlwind that we thought might turn into a brain storm. We thought we might make some sort of an arrangement with Uncle Dave about fixing up the tenant house where Auntie used to live. They haven't used it for two years. What do you think? I'm won't ever let us have the Ray place. Say what you think. If I don't go to Mexico I'm ready to begin putting.

I've had two days of a rather lonesome existence. That is two or three hours each day. Both Odille and Althea are away and I'm alone in the apart-

ment. We're all awfully busy with beginning
the new term. The Summer School faculty miss
my children. I take my evening meal at the
dormitory. So far toast and cereal have com-
posed my other two meals - quantities of the.
In these two days I've found out that I'm not
supposed to live alone. Maybe it will be better
next week. I'm planning to go to Canada for
the fourth of July. Do any of you want any
dishes? Linda and Lyda are coming to see me.
Hope they come then so I can take them.

Jack has just come in. We are going for
a drive - so I'll have to stop. He is planning
an article ~~on~~ Wendal August for Fortune.
They have written him about it. Do hope
he can click.

Don't forget to take care of yourselves.
We're getting older you know.

Love
Puby

July 6, 1937

Dear folkies:

In order to get this off this morning, I'll write a few words only. Ruby asked me to hold the Robin until she wrote and I forgot that I had it. This is the longest I've ever kept it.

We have a big summer school - in fact too big.

We will finish here the last week in July. I expect to go to Bowling Green just after closing - I hope we'll all be there.

for a short while at least.

We certainly welcome
young Sue Emilie into this
clan I hope she can hold
her own when she grows
up and all during.

It was nice that we
have another baby just
as ours graduated from
University.

Love to everybody
and I'll see you soon

Sincerely

Elle

MRS. D. E. HOWELL
RURAL ROUTE 2
BOWLING GREEN, KY.

July 20, 1937

My dears: Do many things have been happening and so fast I forgot the Robin for several days. family dinner for Ray's sister, Mrs. Wilson, and the arrival of Sam's new wheel from Paintsville. His Uncle Wilson sent him. He is so thrilled, he hasn't come down out of the clouds yet and says he can't believe yet this shiny black and silver wheel is his. Joe Wilson tells everybody he is going to have one when he is ten and then Sam's will be worn out. Ray is having his vacation at home under my feet. He put in the morning answering the door bell and running from room to room dodging neighbor visitors.

when they learn he is at home they won't be running in so much. We drove out to Aunties this afternoon and Ray and Uncle Dave a blue streak until Auntie called them to eat ham and eggs and hot biscuits.

I told them about Ruby's pipe dream about fixing up the tenent house for a summer camp and they were delighted. Auntie said there was a table, safe and wash stand out there, and she could spare some more things if you needed them. Auntie hopes you won't spend much but just make a sleeping place out of it.

I haven't seen Ladd's young lady, Sue Emilie yet, but can hardly wait to see her. I hear she is a sweet one. When Ruby and Eleanor come maybe I can go with them to see her.

Joe, I am so glad you are going to Denton. Ruby and I went there for Mary Marks on our way home and I think it is such a pretty, shady town and some lovely people there. I believe you will like it. Mary says she has had letters from friends telling her about your getting the job. I am enclosing a clipping from a letter from Uncle Ray and another from the newspaper. You may be coming back to Bowling Green some day with just such a reputation. You can if you want to you know.

I can't write much of a letter
too tired, canned 26 qts of
blackberries this afternoon
and made three quarts of apple
sauce before going to Aunties.
Every body in bed asleep and
I am writing in my sleep.

We are having a cool spell
I am thinking how nice my
outing pg's will feel, because
I was really chilly when I got
of the car and a strong wind
stirring.

With a promise of a
better letter next time and
lots of love

Virginia

Box 164, T. C. Station,
September 13, 1937.

Professor S. H. Condrón,
West Texas State Teachers College,
Canyon, Texas.

Dear Mr. Condrón:

I should have written to you sooner, but I felt that it would not be necessary, since you possibly would not return until almost time for the fall term to start.

I want to thank you for permitting me to use your house. I am sure that neither Mrs. Ray nor I ever spent a more pleasant and comfortable six weeks than we did there. The climate and the neighbors are both delightful. You have a splendid college. I enjoyed my courses immensely, and I hope that my work was satisfactorily done. Naturally I heard only favorable reports on it; I wish, if there were any criticisms, that you would tell me about them.

I did my best in caring for your place and your grass and plants. I know, though, that no one can care for such things as well as the person who knows the whole history of each plant. We still owe you something on the utilities we used. If you will please let me know the amount, I will send you a check to cover it. The water spigot in the garden would not turn off one time, and I broke it trying to shut it off. If you will have it fixed, I will pay the cost for it. A green comb from Mrs. Condrón's dresser got mixed up in our effects and we have it now; I will mail it to you shortly. If anything else is wrong, I hope you will let me know.

I was very much impressed by the calibre of your faculty. It would be hard to find the equal of your Messrs. Sheffy, Duflot, and Meyer. You are fortunate in having men of that stamp.

I hope your vacation came up to all your expectations. Mrs. Ray and I have just returned from a pleasant but hurried trip to Mexico City.

Sincerely yours,

Joe M. Ray.

NORTH TEXAS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

DENTON, TEXAS



September 13, 1937.

DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT

J. W. PENDER
S. B. McALISTER
H. S. BRADSHAW

Jack M. Ray

Dearest Folks:

I can't think of a better way to start a Robin than to write a letter and send it around. A lot of things have been happening around here and I might as well tell all.

First thing: Ruby came down for the graduation; I guess you all have heard about that. She and Jettie and Wilda Brubaker, who came with Ruby from Slippery Ellum, nearly ran me to death. I never see so much gadding in all my life. And I was all weak from just having given birth to a magnum opus anyway.

I taught in the University for the first summer term, and we stayed in the house of Mrs. E. G. Smith, who runs the swankiest tea room in Austin -- didn't pay any rent, but just wound the clocks and watered the flowers. Jettie nearly worked herself to death trying to clean the whole house every day just to see if she could. The first night we were there I undressed all over the house to see how it would feel, with my shoes in one room, socks in another, pants in another, and so on. It took about thirty minutes the next morning to find them all.

About the middle of the term I got a letter from Dad Pender, the head of the department here offering me a job. I had known the men in the department here for a long time, and knew that there was a possibility. I think McAlister is as good a man as there is in the state; he and I had talked the matter over from all angles. I came up and talked to the President and talked him out of a little more money and then took the job. It is only a one-year job, but we have a new legal requirement for the taking of government for certificates and degrees, and it may be that sufficient need will have arisen by next year to warrant the addition of another man. But I'll land me a job somewhere, anyway, because I am keeping all my fences mended. I think I could have got a one-year job at Louisiana State University for considerably less money than I am getting here, but it was so clearly and unquestionably a one-year job that I couldn't afford to give this up for it. I have a friend out in New Mexico who says he can get me a job out there next year. So, I hope, the lean years are over for awhile unless I break my back or something.

For the second summer semester, beginning the middle of July, I taught in West Texas State Teachers College at Canyon. Canyon is up in the Panhandle, close to Amarillo. It is up on the great plains, a big plateau which runs at the foot of the Rocky Mountains all the way up into Canada. It is much cooler

up there than it is in Austin. We slept with covers every night. We kept the house of the man whose place I took. It was very nice and roomy, except that there was so much yard to keep watered -- and it was so dry that if you missed one day the stuff curled up and died. I enjoyed my work in the college. I think it is a good college. It is the best teachers college I have come in contact with, except this one at Denton. The Denton college -- the one where I am now teaching -- claims to be the biggest teachers college in the country. I think and have thought all along that it is the best one in the state. The college here graduated about five hundred at the last commencement. The college at Canyon is much smaller than this one. Denton. Denton is a town of about twenty or twenty-five thousand. It is about forty miles north of Dallas and Fort Worth on the Oklahoma City road -- The Dallas and Fort Worth roads to Oklahoma City merge here and continue as one. We are about forty miles from the Oklahoma line and about two hundred and fifty miles north from Austin.

We had a good time at Canyon. Some old friends were there and it was a real picnic. One of our friends had a little boy about a year old -- we kept him about half the time. It gave Jettie all sorts of ideas.

When we returned to Austin, we were all pepped up over a trip to Mexico City -- left Austin on August 29 driving in a friend's car. I forgot to tell you that Jettie and I have an auto now and got rid of that old wreck of a Buick. It is a thirty-five Dodge -- we've put about six thousand miles on it since we got it. It took us three days to get to Mexico City. We spent the first night in Monterrey, 150 miles south of Laredo, Texas. Then we spent the second night in Valles, way down in Mexico. The last day, from Valles to Mexico City, was a drive through the mountains all day. For over a hundred miles there isn't a straight-away in the highway longer than two hundred yards. From Tamazunchale (pronounced Thomas-and-Charlie) almost all the way into Mexico city, it is climb, climb, climb. We climbed that day from 325 feet above sea level over the mountains onto the plateau where Mexico City is, which is 7325 feet above sea level. Mexico City is located on a plateau which used to be the bed of a lake right in the tops of the mountains. The lake is quite recent; most of it was still here when the Spaniards discovered the place; but it has been drained off and has dried up until this fertile plateau remains. Mexico City has something over a million inhabitants and has got more rush and bustle than any big city I ever saw in this country, and I've seen them all. When the big busses and trucks blow a horn, you get out of the way or else. And it is worse than Nashville to try to find your way around. We finally figured out a way home on the day we left. We stayed in a private home, belonging to a friend of one of Jettie's old sweethearts -- first time I ever realized that old sweethearts of your wife were good for anything -- and thus we got to see a little more of the real thing than we could have in a hotel. There are three children in the family, the oldest about eleven or twelve, and all three can talk English, Spanish, and French. The first morning we were there the lady of the house dropped a bombshell amongst us (Bill Davis, an instructor in the Uni-

versity and his wife and Jettie and I constituted our party) by telling us that President Cardenas was going to deliver his annual message to the Congress that morning. We tore down to the Chamber of Deputies but couldn't get in. We stood around the entrance in the mob and watched him go in. He was pretty proud of himself -- wore a Mexican flag for a tie. I got so tired that morning that I stayed in bed all the next day while the rest of them gadded. I don't think we missed a cue. Saw museums, convents, government buildings, castles, cathedrals, shrines, and places in general. Most famous were Chapultepec Castle where Maximilian and Carlotta lived as Emperor and Empress; the convent of Churubusco, the floating gardens at Xochmilco, the shrine at Guadalupe-Hidalgo, and the Cathedral in Mexico City. Also went to the Teatro de Bellas Artes -- the Theatre of Fine Arts, which was quite unique. The most interesting thing is the way the ~~Camiones~~ Camiones or busses tear through the city. We went to town every day on the buss. They use old worn out busses, I'm sure they are all second hand from this country. One mangy-looking Mejicano drives the bus and another takes up fares. Of all the times I rode the bus, only once was there room to sit down. Once I had to stand on the step all the way home -- about thirty minutes' riding -- and when the bus stopped to let someone off I had to step down on the ~~XXXX~~ curb to let them out. Then the fare-taker would let out a shrill whistle ~~or~~ or he would bang on the side of the bus with his hand and the driver would swarm away like a whirlwind with me still standing on the curb. I had to run every time to keep from getting left. If the bus met someone at a street intersection, the driver would go blithely on just as if he hadn't seen any one, and the other car would have to screech to a stop.

Jettie made more fuss about spending her little dab of money in the markets there ~~an~~ than any little girl ever did. Everywhere we went she would say, "Virginia would like that," or "Wouldn't that be nice for Eleanor or Ruby?" but I ruled out presents for everybody because the trip cost us so much. She bought some perfume and pottery, some platters, serapes, silver salt and pepper shakers, and so forth. I bought myself a big silver ring that weighs about a half a pound and that I'm about half ashamed to wear. It's about the size of the one we saw at the Arrow-head Inn, Ruby. We all got to practice our Spanish. Got to where we were pretty good. The first morning down town in Mexico City we spent practically the whole morning trying to find a toilet, but we didn't know the word for it and had an awful time. I argued with a policeman until I thought my pore overstretched bladder would bust -- I even threatened to violate the laws of decency then and there -- but he didn't understand until I said, "Mister, I've got to find a toilet." Then he says "Toilet! Ah! Si, si." And he proceeds to show me where one was. The next time I go to a foreign country that doesn't speak English, I'm going to carry around with me a big slop jar buckled onto my belt. Only thing wrong with Mexico is that there are too many beggars and too many cathedrals with gold leaf all over their altars. The people are infinitely more courteous and thoughtful than Americans as a rule. The road all the way to the city is excellent. It is about 1,000 miles from Austin. We like our place in Denton. More later.

Lots of love to you all,

Joe

724 - 13th St
Sept 26, 1937

My Dears:

Joe's letter came a week ago but I didn't rush to send it on to Miss Jeffries since I knew she was in the first week of her school and wouldn't have time to write anything until today and am taking it by as I go to Sunday School.

The boys have new shoes their daddy got last night and Aunt Kate had given them new knickers and sweaters, Sam's black and white knickers blue sweater and Joe Wilson in brown. They will feel dressed up I know.

We will all go to James Ashbey's funeral this afternoon, Ray and I will.

We went to Louisville the week-end before Eleanor left and had such a good time. The baby is cuter every time we see her, so fat and cute, looks less like Ruby as she gets older and prettier. We left Edie later than we intended to, and to please Sam drove out to the Air Port, had a good start out the Bardstown road when Eleanor said she had left her pocketbook, so we went back and came the other way. Ray had one light go out and had to take it slowly, so we got home about ten-thirty.

Joe, your account of your trip was quite interesting. Ray read it through twice. Josie read it and laughed heartily about your silver ring.

I doubt if the Penhardt killing caused as much excitement or publicity here as in other places. Everybody expected it and so many said the Harr boys would get him when he went up there next time. The Military funeral drew the crowds.

I am sure this will be rambling with Josie giving out Spelling to two boys, one orally and one written, and they are both too sleepy to do much, too hot in here. Ray is like a kid with a new toy, keeps throwing on a lump every few minutes.

We have just heard that our preacher at State Street next year will be Brother Akin, whose first church was Broadway. He was a good preacher.

I id I write what a nice trip.
we had this summer. Miss Jeffries
Ruby, Eleanor and I had a grand
trip to Cumberland Falls, Norris
Dam and Cumberland Falls. I
enjoyed it much more if I had
taken the proper clothes. We
remarked we should have our coats
before we left town, but
made the mistake of going on
without them and shivered our
hats about the whole trip
and never used them. It
rained and we never had a
chance to see the moon beams.
I got a good wetting trying to
get Ruby and Eleanor together out-
fitted in bathing suits. We all
enjoyed the Gentry House at Williams
burg.

I must stop and
put the boys to bed or
fix their beds.

Love
Va.

Oct. 28 1937

Dear Children:

Just as I was ready to put in my job - fire came and burned down the most important building on our campus. No one was hurt but most everything was lost. I had no idea how a thing like that could complicate the lives of so many people. Clothes and things are important. Civilization has taken on too much upholstery. We just can't go on and exist. Things are gone so we must struggle and adjust and understand. It is such a tremendous effort that we can hardly see beyond our noses. We keep sane by stopping to laugh. I feel guilty as I did about the flood - as if I'd slipped out and let my burden settle on some one's else shoulders. After all it's considered an act of God - by insurance companies - and it did miss me. I'm high and dry and maybe a little smug.

It does seem selfish to have what you need when others have nothing. We are sharing. Doesn't that sound modern educationish?

I wanted to tell you about Joe's honor-taking activity - but its so long ago I can hardly remember. He did it with a swagger and a kind of grace that's typical of him. He wore that fine velvet striped gown just like Virginia wears that red spotted kimono when she's washing dishes at the kitchen sink. Those two do have something in common. What is it? She in a drapy kimono and he in a doctors gown. I believe they've both achieved. Joe's rouchalance is more practiced. Now Settine and Eleanor are two very different persons in kimonos. Settine twirls around twice in a heavy flowered tafetta and gets the best breakfast one ever ate. Everything is just right. The food good - table beautifully set - and Settine look cool and calm - as if she had had nothing to do with it. Eleanor's is heavy blue and pink crepe which she wears reading in ^{bed} or on the way to the B.P. She has another

nuffled starchy swiss one that she wears any-
where at any time - thinking that it looks like a
dress. Now Joanna's is long and slim with a zipper
all the way up the front. She wears it in the proper
place at the proper time. She does do the right thing
at the right time. If I had what it takes to learn I
could learn from my sisters and sisters-in-law. As
to Martha - in a kimono. I think I've never seen
her in one. She is always in a dress - going after
things. Miss Jeffries doesn't use hers for reading.
Hers is strictly business. She is seldom out of her
work-a-day-harness.

All of this ink on paper because Joe wrap-
ped his rope around himself and took the highest
of academic honors. I was proud of the runt
then - as I've been proud of the rest of you
- at times.

I'm proud of Miss Jeffries when I see her
looking sweet and serene while she takes a
blow - and realize she sort of belongs to us.
of Gus when I see her attractive home and her

three handsome boys: of Brown who forgets himself intirely in his enthusiasm for the cause. Great reformers have been made of the same stuff.

What I admire about Ed is his scholarly attitude. Do you suppose he always feels as gentlemanly as he acts? I believe Thoreau could have learned something from him. And then I was genuinely proud of Eleanor when I saw her fine pretty library and the high regard they have for her in Stateboro. One of their students explained to me that she is the brainy type and wanted to know if I was. Of course I said, no and pointed out that she isn't either. You all do make a right good showing - as Wildo often tells. Brown's and Ed's children are mighty becoming to the _____. The truth is that all of you have about all there is to have.

This is so dod burn shushy that I'm ashamed to send it - but I'll never get another out. If I could see you all face to face I'd set you down and say my say without blubbering.

Love, Ruby

Box 164, D.C. Station
Denton, Texas.
Nov 17, 1937.

Mr Hermanas y Hermanas -

I don't know whether that is good Spanish but at least it's a good idea. I've been grating paper until I was blue in the face, and have had the ink in two days - I've broken my record for promptly sending it on. I'm trying to serve as a model citizen to you sorry ones.

I'm giving some 50 Gray Songsters a good morning and sitting up front writing this instead of watching them. I think they have more than they gain when they shoot anyway.

We're liking Denton fine - Lettie has got more vision in the fire than she can handle, and all I do when I don't just have to do my work is lie up in bed and read detective magazines. If any of you can figure out something earlier than that you've to do, I wish you would tell me about it, so I could do it - I'm trying to qualify as the earliest school teacher south of the Mason-Dixon line - and if I win that I'll compete with the Sparks up Ruby's way. I really am loopy and getting fast on Lettie's good cooking. She's making those rug and knitting and humming me out best in general. We're planning to go on a big back down to Beaumont for the Thanksgiving holidays - The Texas State Teachers Association is meeting in Houston at that time, &

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and Beaumont is only about 80 miles from Houston. Then we're coming back by Austin to see the old friends - we haven't seen any of them since summer and it seems a long time. Jettie was talking up a trip to Kentucky for the Christmas holidays, but I had to spike it because we ain't got any money. We're harder up now than we were last year, and I'm making a hundred a month more than we both together did then. Maybe some day we'll catch up.

Jettie had a birthday on Armistice Day and drove down to Dallas to visit and to hear Fritz Kreisler. She thrilled and heart-throbbled all over big D. I went down Saturday to get her and we saw the Baylor - S.M.U. game. It was a really good one. The College team here plays East Texas Teachers next Saturday for the conference championship - it's the homecoming game + the town is already painted up with the school colors. One of my students came by with a dopey look on his face just now and says he wants to get off from the quiz because he had to stay up all night to prevent the East Texas boys from painting up the campus. I made him take the quiz anyway, but he has just about lost his struggle with the sand man. We had Cornelia Otis Skinner on the college fine arts program night before last. I thought she was very good. Jettie got mad at me because I

wouldn't traipse back stage and help her get Comy's autograph on the program. Let me wish you all a happy birthday, Ed & El. If any of you see W.D. extend to him my heartiest felicitations on his too.

I didn't know that Ed had made a change in his place of business. Male High is quite a place. So old Carpenter still there, Ed? I'll never forget the time in Chapel when he pronounced the name of the radio station WHAS as if it were one word: "Whass!" We shouted and yelled for about five minutes. And I'll never forget the time I had to make that senior speech. It was one of the greatest deals I ever went through. Ruby and El made fun of me at home when I practiced on it because they could hear me pounding on the sink. The only way I could get in some real practice was to go out to the end of the hallway, two in Jacobo Park and clunk up on the mountains. There I could smile to my heart's content. But to where I could do it all right when I was out there talking to the birds and bushes, but I botched it miserably in chapel because I was scared to death. So they still have senior speeches? Somebody told me they had discontinued them. So old Bradbury still there? He's one of the best. I know he wouldn't remember me. I got a couple of poems in the Spectator back in 1924 or 1925. He might remember them. How about old man Tagadale? I'll wager he's still there.

He used to keep all his old grade books and made big black marks in his book for all the smart aleck students. I got plenty of them - couldn't resist taking cracks at him. Tell me all about the old joint - and who wins the Thanksgiving game. You folks are talking about the new President at Western. I'd like to know his name, where he's from, etc. Also I'd like to know if you think old Gen. Denhardt got his just desserts. You folks must remember that I can't keep up with what goes on except in the Robin. Gin, you and Miss Jeffries ought to tell us all you can about Brown & his gang, as Ed does. And don't stall around with the Robin. It ought to be around again before Christmas if everybody gets it off on time. Gin, I'm pleased with your new house. Jettie says she just can't conceive of four bedrooms. It must be a real treat.

We've got some new stationery here with my name on it. Some folks say it is bad taste for an educational institution, but the name looks mighty good on it. I'll use it next time.

El, I think you're the brainy type whether the rest do or not. Anyway, if you can feel 'em, do it. Rubs, we had Joyce Gantt over for supper last night. She's sweet.

Lots of love - Joe

November , 1937

Ole dears:

The Robin has been resting in hopes that Miss Ray of the Quaker state would send down that bright wing feather which was exceedingly lost on her desk. This ~~this~~ little fellow dreads to leave on the long nonstop flight to Texas without the first part of Ginnie's letter!

Well, the very idea! What about a loving sister throwing off on a poor unfortunate gal's mind when just a few months ago that same sister actually said the picture, which was made by a reliable photographer and cost a pretty penny, did not even resemble the subject. I am nonplussed. I've spent three sleepless nights trying to think up just what I have got - no looks - no brains and, in positive, no "It" (judging from the outcome). I do have two false teeth and two corns and one deep line between my eyes caused from frowning. Since Ruby's Ruby she didn't want me to commit suicide just when she is busiest so she sent along a sympathy card and notes for a speech on individual differences. I couldn't read the notes but the card says "in you hour of sorrow" so maybe I'll get the comeliness and mind right away -

after thirty-five years of struggling. I'm sending on the folder and the speech notes "just in case" some doubting Thomas will not believe. This tale. All this worry has not injured my health because the pounds have been piling up lately -- 133 --.

The Mexico trip sounded "glorious". Spanish is very easy and a few words would be easily learned. I suggest to go (since he has nothing to do since the Ph.D. is acquired) that he make an extensive study of certain words "just in case" he takes another trip sometime.

I certainly enjoyed helping Virginia move (even if it was just a very little) and I knew all the time Ruby was green with envy because she could not be there too. The Ray Harman's are very well located now. Their house is almost perfect. I am sure they like it better each day.

The wind is whistling around ^{my} our house just like the north country. More than likely will have a blizzard! It has turned very cold since noon and the clouds look like snow! Some of the students are tip-toeing to see it fall - most of them have never seen snow at all. I guess school would have to close if we had a sprinkle.

The fire in Slippery Rock was terrible. I have no idea what would happen if we lost ^{me} our domatonic! We have no water

or at least no well on the campus and we are two miles from town. Part of the library building money is being taken to put in a water system. The new library will be inadequate in two or three years but it will be better than the rooms we have.

Statesboro has had a big Armistice day. The governor came down to dedicate the airport. We went right on as if nothing was happening - except some students were missing. Armistice day brings up very serious thoughts. Another war would take some mighty dear brothers. A student told me the other day that he would shoot himself before he would go to war and something like that seems the idea of most students today - but of course when the call comes most of them will change their minds. I cannot understand how Mussolini can keep stirring things up when he went through the world war and is bound to know the horrors.

Maybe he is too far away from it now. I heard a lecture by Ben Ames, a newspaper correspondent just home from Spain. He said there would be no peace in Spain for a long time to come and that Europe was never armed as she is today, and that every where you go you run into bombs or red tape.

It is raining now and the drops sound like ice pickles coming down. I'll feel like Ruby did about the fire when I go out in this nice warm coat I got off Auntie and so many students don't have warm clothes.

I'm so glad that Ed likes the new job. More than likely Babe could read this letter by now (if the words were spelled right) I understood she was expecting to learn right away "just in case" her first grade teacher ^{might} ~~was~~ be a "dumb alex" Sue Emilie is a peach and I'm sorry Joe & Jettie have not seen her yet.

It is fine that everything on the hill is moving along smoothly. I was sure the new man would have seen enough to let things ride for at least a while. I hope, Mrs Ella, that you will not get one of those bad colds this winter.

I don't lounge in a "heavy blue and pink crape" kimono (as of four years ago). I now own a big (enormous) pink flowered housecoat zipped all the way up. The front and sit in a lovely new chair I bought myself. This chair is just about the most comfortablest chair anywhere. I get to sit in it about fifteen minutes a day - 4500 minutes this year.

I'm sorry I forgot the fourteenth until the very day. Many happy returns -
Love to everybody,
Ella

2613 Grinstead Drive,
Louisville, Kentucky.
Dec. 5, 1937.

Dear Folks,

Bear witness that I "done" my part by getting the big chief to scrawl out some thoughts on paper. I suggested that he might use my typewriter, but he declined saying that he writes faster with his pen. His visit here was short but greatly enjoyed. I hope he gets his raise, for he needs it with all of his obligations. He came up by bus, as the roads were covered with ice. It is terribly slick driving.

Well, Chulus, I'm glad you are liking your job. As for money matters, I'm sure your difficulties are common to us all. The high cost of living keeps my nose to the grindstone, but being as long as it is, it could stand a good deal of grinding. These two younguns, Jo, and a home are worth everything. I enjoy staying around the house on Sunday. I wish every day were Sunday.

Pretty much the same gang is at Male as when you were there, Joe. Bradberry said that he remembers you. He seemed glad to hear from you. Mr. Cannon has been there for forty years. Several others have been there almost as long. The old place fairly reeks with tradition. One member of the faculty, Gerheart, said of another member that he had not spoken to him (Gerheart) but twice since he had been there. At first I thought that that wouldn't be bad that probably he hadn't been there long enough to get acquainted. Just for curiosity I asked how long he had been there, and he said twelve years. That's not bad. Speaking once every six years is being cordial, I suppose he thinks. We beat Manual 25-19. It was the best game I ever saw. First one was in the lead, and then the other was. We had begun to think that we were going to lose with only three minutes to play; then the boys came through with another touchdown. It was a game to test one's nervous system, and it wasn't easy on the nerves. I've had quite a bit of recognition of my work at Male. The Supt. in charge of secondary education told a friend of mine that I was one of the best men in the system here. Now you know how poor the rest of them must be. At least I have him fooled.

Emilie is growing fast and is pretty much like we would like her to be. She tries to attract our attention when we come around clicking; then when we look at her, she laughs out. Last night she was in a big way and didn't want to go to sleep. She would kick and squeal until I thought she never would go to sleep. She wants to talk and tries her best to by making a lot of grunts. Babs told Jo that she was going to be a science teacher when she grows up. Jo asked her what science was and she said, "Oh, it's all about animals, but I'll have to do a lot of studying first". She has been playing out in the snow today and having the time of her life. She has a new snow suit that she is very proud of. She says that she wants us to buy her a doll this year, for Santa Claus didn't bring her the kind she wanted last year. She saw Santa Claus last Saturday and ordered all the things she thought Emilie needed. She worships her baby sister. The other day Babs asked Jo if she didn't think that she should get married when she grows up. Jo told her she should wait until she found some good man. She said, "Oh, well, I'll find somebody better than Daddy." Personally, I think that should be easy to do.

Ruby, how's the Pa. weather by now? Hope you don't get out and go skidding around on the mountains, for the world would be worse off without you. You are really the bulwark of the Ray tribe, and we could ill afford to lose you. In fact, you are a right sweet child.

Virginia writes like she has something down at B.G. I'll have to go down and look into the matter and see if the big things she has been telling really exist. Her old man is about as interesting a fellow as I know. He really has a lot on the knob. I wish we could coax him to add a little of his wit to the job.

(Over)
E/e)

Well, Ele, you are thirty-four year old, I gum, and I'm thirty-six. Gosh, time do fly! I can remember when we used to have awful times over doing the churning, and we fought like cats and dogs. I wouldn't take anything for those episodes, for after all it is things such as that that makes up one's memory of his childhood. I shall never forget Joe's first attempt to learn to swim in an old muddy pond on a rail. He got out in the middle of the pond and fell off. He was just a little tyke and almost drowned before I could drag him out. Then, Once Will B. came to visit me and I had dug a hole out in the middle of the big pond near a post. I used the post to dive off into the hole. I told Will B. about the hole and how deep it was. There was about ten inches of soft mud in pond in every place except the hole. Will B. climbed up on the post and inquired about the location of the hole. He was going to show me how diving should be done. Instead of giving him the true location of the hole, I gave him the opposite location. He jumped up and gave a big swan dive and stuck his head in ten inches of mud, for the water was only about two feet deep. I would give anything for a picture of him when he came up. He gave me a thorough cussing, but he was too interested in getting the mud out of his eyes and ears to carry the case further. Then, too, the hair cut by way of burning that he gave me is a classic. When he set my hair afire, I was scared within an inch of my life and started running. It was all he could do to catch me and put it out.

When I think of what little ruffians we were, I wonder how we ever lived to be grown. It is still more perplexing that we didn't turn out to be yeggs or safe crackers or some such things.

I don't remember many if any bad things that Virginia and Ruby did. All I can remember is that they ordered us four younger ones around considerably and they usually backed up their orders with considerable gusto to our little "fannys". Do you remember anything on these two? I'd like to get some dope on them to refresh my memory. By the way, you and I have all the Robins. When we round out about 10 or 15 years of this thing, what do you say that we make copies of them and bind them? I was looking thru some of them recently and the old ones especially have a lot of things of interest.

Any way, Ele, I had forgotten our birthday until the pecans and the belt arrived. I always do forget it. The belt was beautiful and the pecans were good. I got sick on them right off. We have never been together on our birthday more than once or twice, have we? This is to say that I love my twin sister, and although I did forget her birthday, that is no indication of lack of devotion. May you have many more birthdays.

I'd better sign off or even you will not read all this stuff.

Lots of love to all and a Merry Xmas to everybody.

Ed-

P.S. I persuaded Will B to try the Robin again. I'm going to send him some addressed envelopes and stamped. I've asked him to place them in an accessible place so he can mail it the same day he gets it. He says he will do it. Let's see if he does. So Virginia the day you mail it to him, mail me a card telling me that you have mailed it, and I'll mail him a card every day until I get it.

Miss Jeffries, we are glad to hear you are well again. you had better take it easy. Glad you like the new situation. Everybody says you have a beautiful place to work now.

12/5/37

Sunday at 4:30 PM

Dear Folks

Edd say I should write
to you all in the paper
just passing thru on
business. I called up Edd
to get him to take me
around town I must
make the 5 o'clock bus
for Hardinsburg.

My time is up in the first
of Dec. The Farm Leaders are
going to get me \$400 raise
and a 4 yr. contract to stay
in Breckinridge County. They
have 1000 farmers on a petition and
editorials in the papers all favorable.
If looks bright we will know
Wednesday ~~of~~ Dec. They will

Thanksgiving Evening.

Dear "Children",

I am thankful for many many things, & many them your love and friendship holds a big place.

I thoroughly enjoyed your letters and should have put in my contribution and sent them on but I have been rather seriously ill - am up and at work but still go to the doctor every afternoon and lie down at noon every day. This with my various duties keeps me employed. Letters have piled up terribly.

Ruby I'm proud of the "Young'uns" and of you too. You are a highly satisfactory lunch.

Eddie, don't let this teaching business take all your time. I can tell you that does not pay. However, Glenn can tell you that too much of the other thing won't do either. Will Brown needed one of your old time thumps about the whooping cough. I hope neither Mary Evelyn nor Sue Strickley has it.

Eleanor this is a marvel of a letter for you. I'm glad the pounds are piling up a bit - don't let them grow too fast - you are right the way you are. You should see how lovely Virginia's house looks. I was to have dinner with her today but the Harmons had an all-get-together so she went out there. Mr. Harmon is so old that he needs them

I went over to the boarding house to dinner - did quite joney having dinner alone - especially cooking it. I want to tell you we have ice - real ice over an inch on the pool in Fountain Square I observed yesterday. I think our boys are too old to go to the army unless a war should last a long time and it probably won't burst out for a while yet. Don't put all the blame on Marshall.

My dear, search well into all these "facts" and read them carefully, note their contradictions. If newspaper correspondents were not so diligent the hope of peace would be better. I'm glad you have that lovely chair I had my big chair done over. It looks better but is hard. Think I'll follow yours and Lydia's example. Lydia spent last week with me. She seems well. I enjoyed her so much. She did not seem to get tired - ran around like anyone else.

Yes, dear, I stirred all through the package looking for your usual typewritten sheets. I'm sure the young hopefuls did not mind your working during the examination. Don't get any fatter. Tell John to feed you on grapefruit - that is easy to prepare, cheap and not at all fattening. Then "just in case" a few carrots and greens. No County! I'm glad you like Lexington. All those papers don't indicate a very lazy prof. Would love to see you Christmas, but our own poor finances might interfere with our plans. I never have had any money.

your reference to the game reminds me that the
Western Murray game was a tie. That is our
most exciting game. I think Murray wins the
Championship this time. Ed will tell you about
Snake High.

Our new president is Paul L. Garrett, born
and bred in Shelby County, graduated at George
town, took his masters at State, fought in the
world war, did a year of graduate work at
University of Chicago. Has to finish his Ph.D. yet,
"when and if." He was Superintendent of the
Sailles Schools. married a Benevise aristocrat,
gave Gov. Chandler his first job. Hence
is eminently fitted for a college president.
He really is a sensible, likeable gentle-
man, as yet has let things move on, seems
to be working hard and studying things very carefully
one has to like him. Here's hoping we have
no more excitement for a long time.

Ruby, dear, I'm writing you a personal letter
just as soon as I fold this and I'm begin-
ning to fold right now. Love of love to everyone.

Your loving

W. Jeffries.

2714 Whittis,
Austin, Texas.

Joe M. Ray ca. 1937

Dear Folks

I'm so glad to get this abbreviated Robin that I won't even fuss about its brevity or tardiness. I have been planning for a week to write to Eleanor and tell her that I had some inside information to the effect that she had the Robin.

I've long since quit crabbing about the Robin, but I do continue to set you bums a splendid example of never keeping the thing for twenty-four hours. I'm awfully busy working on this thesis of mine, compelling myself to stay on the job night and day. -- That doesn't mean, of course, that I don't get my customary ten hours of sleep every evening. But it does mean that I won't get to put in as much time on this Robin as I would like to.

I can never think of what has happened when I sit down to write. I passed my minor examinations in October all O. K. and the only thing between me and the degree is the thesis or dissertation, and I'm putting in six to nine hours every day on it. Ought to get through with it, but it is going to be one whale of a job.

Jettie was pretty well impressed with you folks, so I guess you can put your minds at rest. You have passed muster. It sure was big times for us up there. It was one of the biggest picnics I ever went on, I think. We rushed back here ~~xxxx~~ in order to start the new job that Jettie had, and then we found that the man we had the deal with had run out on us. All that rushing back for nothing -- and when we could have had another week or two of free living off of the kinfolks there. It nearly broke our hearts. But then Jettie got her old job back over at the Cafeteria, so we won't starve. We could have got along on my salary, I suppose, but we're used to something more than that. You can trust Jettie to get along, though. She's about to land herself another job with a Mrs. Smith who runs a private dining salon, and then she's practicing on her typing to be able to take a job down in the legislature if nothing else turns up. A childhood friend of hers is slated to be elected as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and he ought to get her a job all right. We'll get along, especially if the old man ever gets that old Ph. D.

El, hon, don't you and Rub pay any attention to anybody about this

#2

old marrying business. I don't know of two gals in the country that I would rather trust with their own business than you and Rub. If you want to get married O. K., and if you don't O. K. I think our sister Rube is sorta clever, don't you?

They ain't no use of nobody sending us no Christmas presents, because we ain't gonna send you none. Let's wait until we all get rich and then send presents all the way around.

Ed has got the negatives on all the films that we took while in Kentucky. Make him give you some prints. Some of them are pretty good.

Got a letter from Aunt Maggie about a week ago. She and Jim are all O. K. They had just been up to see Aunt Janie, and said Virginia had been to see them, too.

I'd better get to lunch before the big rush comes. I promise to do a better job of this next time.

I made a talk in Sunday School last week -- on the unicameral legislature. Feel real righteous about it. It wasn't on religion but it got over all right.

I think I'll tender a special "howdy" to Miss Jeffries.

Lots of love to you all,


Joe.

Friday Morning.

Dear Children,

I have "run with my tongue out" for two weeks trying to write this letter, so now I'm "cutting chapel". N.B. They are having "tumbling", men's physical education class giving "Chapel."

I enjoyed the letters immensely. The domestic episodes are quite essential to life and it is perfectly in order that they be included. I have some new curtains and green draperies myself and get quite a bit of pleasure out of them and my yellow patch of English ivy on the ends of the white mantel in the living room. Mrs. Lee is living with me now and we have good times together. She is quite bright and very well informed. We are having some friends in for Sunday evening tea (and time "supper") I have a talk at the club to-morrow afternoon, "Interesting phases of weather study for the layman", whoever he is. I'm supposed to be one of "him" or "her". The talk demands a lot of reading at any rate. Very interesting. Just heard that Ruby isn't come to Louisville as she is not well. Do hope you are not very ill.

I'm sure none of us will ever quite get over in many ways. I am still thinking of some one every day who was "in the flood" and from whom I have not yet heard. I am afraid the teachers will not get their full year's pay and that comes home to us, as well as hundreds of others. Brown was a busy man I hear but have heard nothing directly from them.

Eleanor, Milton was one of the worst abused places. I heard that everything was ruined - the school and everything. Don't know what about rebuilding there. You just can't picture the height of the ruins. I only saw Brownsville - the river did not get to the town but overflowed on the other side - and Calhoun since the waters receded.

I'm glad for Jettie's letters - tell us the real news Jettie. How our little "Big Joe" grows up and talks and what you are knitting - it's all interesting. Joe, you are lucky to have her, child.

Ed, dear, you are a "funny guy", too. Your wit always directed against some of us. That's all right. It is clever and kindy - yet one always wonders just what wise crack is back of that suave smile of yours. Your procedure with Bob's tongue seems a little barbaric but if it works - A.K.

Don't be too hard on Brown. I'd hate to have six kids practicing tap dancing at

all hours of the day - dinner supper and
 breakfast - may be they can "muddle through"
 life without it, may be they could get on
 without snow suits - "How is me" I would
 not know one if you gave me one. Keep
 this ignorance in the family, don't expose me.
 If people want to be "missionary dieticians,
 that might not be any funnier than crying
 pale eels and rattlesnakes, None of these
 peculiarities are worth mentioning but they
 are parts of the two dear individuals under
 discussion, We must have individualities un-
 til Mr. Roosevelt decides which ones to
 cultivate and how old one must be to "begin
 to stop," I'd not be too aggressive its a bad habit,
 these times. In the meantime "lay off" Brown.
 I will be seeing you at N.E.C.

Juste I'm sorry you did not get the job, I hope
 you'll find something you like,

But I am disappointed and I know the Boyds
 and Rags are too. I found out about Jesse
 Stuart. I also saw "our" Jesse last
 summer. He writes poetry but never

tried to sell it. It is good, I believe, it
would sell. Get busy, Ed, and write some-
thing. Ruby will criticize the atmosphere
and I'll correct the spelling while you
furnish the brains and Brown the
character for study - I mean delineation.

Dear Mr. Clayth passed away last Saturday.
He was dear and scholarly and stout. We
shall miss him sadly. To us Western will
never be itself again, quite. The "Kids" are com-
ing from Chapel. Good bye. Lots of love. You are
a bunch of fine interesting individuals. I love
each one and am proud of you individually
and collectively, and love your jokes as well
as your more serious remarks.

W. J. Jeffers.